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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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**ROMEO and JULIET**  
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

No.  
10

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

# ROMEO and JULIET



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# Romeo and Juliet

ADAPTED FROM THE  
ORIGINAL TEXT FOR EASY  
AND ENJOYABLE READING

## Part I

REBELLIOUS  
SUBJECTS!  
ENEMIES TO PEACE!  
THROW YOUR  
MISTEMPURED  
WEAPONS TO  
THE GROUND!

THOU VILLAIN,  
CAPULET!...  
HOLD ME NOT  
LET ME GO!

NAY, MY LORD!  
THOU SHALT NOT  
STIR ONE FOOT  
TO SEEK A FOE!

**T**HARSH CRIES AND THE  
CLICK OF FLASHING  
BLADES DRAW AN  
ANGRY CROWD IN THE  
STREETS OF VERONA.  
THE YOUNG MEN OF THE  
HOT-BLOODED CAPULET  
AND MONTAGUE FAMILIES  
ARE FIGHTING AGAIN, AND  
INTO THE BRAWL ARE  
DRAWN THE ELDERLY HEADS  
OF THE RIVAL FACTIONS.  
THE PRINCE OF VERONA,  
RULER OF THE CITY IS  
ENRAGED BY THIS NEW  
OUTBURST OF VIOLENCE  
ENDANGERING THE SAFETY  
OF ALL THE POPULACE.

ADAPTED By G.E. DUTCH  
ILLUSTRATED By H.C. KIEFER  
LETTERED By M.T. RAFANELLO

**a** BITTER AND BLOODY FEND BETWEEN THE POWERFUL CAPULET AND MONTAGUE FAMILIES HAD RAGED FOR GENERATIONS IN THE ANCIENT ITALIAN CITY OF VERONA. YOUNG TYBALT, THE HOT TEMPERED NEPHEW OF LADY CAPULET, WAS EVER READY FOR A DEADLY FRY, AND MOST OFTEN OPPOSING HIM WAS BENVOLIO, A FAR MORE LEVEL-HEADED DEFENDER OF THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUE.



**B** RAWN UNWILLINGLY INTO THIS WHIRL OF HATE AND TURMOIL WAS ROMEO, THE ONLY SON AND HEIR OF OLD LORD MONTAGUE. NOT YET TWENTY BUT MANLY AND HANDSOME, HE THOUGHT FAR MORE OF LOVE AND CUPID'S WARS THAN OF FAMILY FEILDS...



**L** IKEWISE OLD CAPULET AND LADY CAPULET HAD BUT ONE CHILD, A DAUGHTER--THE FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL JULIET--ON WHOM ALL THEIR LOVE AND HOPES WERE CENTERED. BUT FATE ORDAINED THAT JULIET WOULD MEET AND LOVE THE SON OF THEIR MOST BITTER FOE.



**U** NDER SUCH HOSTILE AND PASSIONATE CIRCUMSTANCES ONLY THE MOST TRAGIC CLIMAX COULD FOLLOW, AND SWEET KISSES AND FLASHING SWORDS UNFOLDS A TALE OF STARKEST TRAGEDY AND LOVE THAT OUTSHINES THE SUN--UNTIL LIFE'S CANDLES ARE SNUFFED OUT!

**b** EFORE DEEP WOUNDS ARE INFLECTED, THE PRINCE OF VERONA ENFORCES HIS COMMAND!





**P**ICH AND POWERFUL AS THEY ARE, THE CAPULETS AND MONTAGUES HEED THE STERN WARNING OF THE PRINCE.

ONCE MORE, ON PAIN OF DEATH, ALL MEN DEPART!

O, WHERE IS ROMEO MY SON? RIGHT GLAD I AM HE WAS NOT AT THIS BLOODY PRAY. HAST SEEN HIM, BENVOLIO?

AH, MADAM, YES, WALKING ALONE, AN HOUR BEFORE THE MORNING SUN PEERED FORTH FROM THE GOLDEN WINDOW OF THE EAST.

I MADE TOWARDS YOUR SON, BUT AVOIDING MY APPROACH, HE SEEMED GLAD TO SHUN MY PRESENCE. MY NOBLE UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE CAUSE OF HIS LOW SPIRITS?

I NEITHER KNOW IT, NOR CAN I LEARN IT OF HIM.

BUT WAIT, SEE, ROMEO COMES. SO PLEASE YOU STEP ASIDE, AND I'LL KNOW HIS GRIEVANCE OR BE MUCH DENIED.

I HOPE AT LAST YOU'LL GET THE TRUTH, COME MADAM, LET'S AWAY.



**I**N A FRIENDLY MANNER BENVOLIO QUESTIONS HIS COUSIN AND LEARNS THAT ROMEO HAS FAILED TO FIND FAVOR WITH HIS CURRENT LOVE, THE LADY ROSALINE...

**B**y CHANCE A NEW SERVANT OF THE CAPULETS FAILS TO RECOGNIZE HIS MASTER'S ENEMIES—THUS BEGINS A STARTLING TURN IN EVENTS!

BE RULED BY ME, FORGET TO THINK OF HER, GIVE MORE LIBERTY TO YOUR EYES, EXAMINE OTHER MAIDENS AND YOU'LL SEE ONE FAR MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN SHE.

THIS LESS BENVOLIO, THOU CANST NOT TEACH ME TO FORGET.

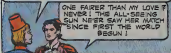
PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU READ THIS LIST OF GUESTS FOR ME? I AM SENT TO BID THE PEOPLE LISTED HERE TO SUPPER AND A MASKED BALL AT MY LORD CAPULET'S.

STAY, FELLOW. I CAN READ.



**B**ENVOLIO GETS A SUDDEN INSPIRATION AS ROMEO READS OFF THE LIST OF GUESTS. NATURALLY NONE OF THE MONTAGUES IS INCLUDED, BUT BENVOLIO SEES THE OPPORTUNITY FOR A THRILL AND AT THE SAME TIME A CHANCE TO CURE ROMEO OF HIS LOVE FOR ROSALINE...

ROMEO! THOUGH NOT INVITED, LET US GO! MARK YOU THAT AT THIS FEAST OF CAPULET'S SUPPERS YOUR FAIR ROSALINE COMPARE HER FACE WITH SOME OF THE OTHER BEAUTIES THERE THAT I SHALL SHOW AND I WILL MAKE THEE THINK THY SWAN A CROW.



ONE FAIRER THAN MY LOVE I NEVER! THE ALL-SEEING SUN NEVER SAW HER MATCH SINCE FIRST THE WORLD BEGUN!

TUT! YOU SAW ROSALINE ONLY WHEN NO OTHER MAIDENS WERE NEAR BY COME AND WEIGH IN THE CRYSTAL SCALES HER LOVE AGAINST SOME OTHER MAID I'LL SHOW YOU SHINING AT THIS FEAST.

I'LL GO ALONG, NO SUCH SIGHT TO BE SHOWN, BUT ONLY TO REJOICE IN SPLENDOR OF MY OWN.



**B**ENVOLIO AND ROMEO KNOW FULL WELL THAT TO ATTEND THE CAPULET'S BALL AS UNBIDDEN GUESTS IS TO RISK THEIR LIVES. HOWEVER, THEY HAVE INDUCED MERCUTIO, THEIR FIERY TEMPERED FRIEND, TO JOIN IN THIS RISKY ESCAPE WITH THEM.

IF LOVE BE ROUGH WITH YOU, ROMEO, BE ROUGH WITH LOVE. YOU ARE A LOVER, BORROW CLIPUS' WINGS AND SOAR! WE MUST MAKE YOU DANCE.

NOT I, MERCUTIO! YOU HAVE DANCING SHOES WITH NIMBLE SOLES, I HAVE A SOUL OF LEAD AND SCARCE CAN MOVE.



**A**S KINGS THEIR FACES, THE TWO BRAZENLY PREPARE TO CROSS THE DANGER LINE...

LET'S MAKE HASTE TO ENTER CAPULET'S. THE SUPPER'S DONE BY NOW AND WE MUST NOT COME TOO LATE!

TOO EARLY, BENVOLIO FOR MY MIND MISGIVES SOME BITTER CONSEQUENCE OF THIS NIGHT, BUT I'LL TRUST IN HIM THAT GUIDES MY COURSE. LET'S ON, MY LUSTY GENTLEMEN!



**B**IDDING HIS COMPANIONS TO JOIN IN THE MERRIMAKING, ROMEO BRAVOS ASIDE TO LOOK ABOUT FOR ROSALINE WHO HAS SO OFTEN SPURNED HIS AFFECTION...

ROSALINE IS ABOUT, I CATCH HER VOICE BUT SEE HER NOT. BUT 'TIS TRUE, MANY OTHER FAIR MAIDENS BE PRESENT HERE.



**Y**OUNG TYBALT, FIREBRAND OF THE CAPULET CLAN, RECOGNIZES ROMEO BY HIS VOICE AND DENOUNCES HIM TO OLD LORD CAPULET...

FETCH ME MY RAPIER, BOY! THIS, BY HIS VOICE, SHOULD BE A MONTAGUE, TO STRIKE HIM DEAD, I HOLD IT NOT A SIN.

YES, TYBALT, YOUNGS ROMEO IT IS, BUT TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM. ALL VERONA HOLDS HIM A VIRTUOUS AND WELL-GOVERNED YOUTH. I WOULD NOT DO HIM HARM IN MY OWN HOUSE.



**R**OMEO IS SO DAZZLED BY JULIET'S CHARMS THAT HE PAYS NO HEED TO THE THREATENING TYBALT OR OLD CAPULET WHO WISHES NO DISTURBANCE TO MAR THE SAFETY OF THE EVENINGS...

I'LL NOT ENDURE THIS VILLAIN AS A GUEST. WHY, UNCLE, 'TIS A SHAME!

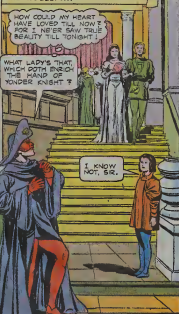
HE SHALL BE ENDURED, I SAY HE SHALL! GO TO! AM I THE MASTER HERE, OR YOU?



**B**UT TRUE TO HIS FRIEND'S PREDICTION, ROMEO'S YEARNING FOR ROSALINE DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR AS HIS EYES SUDDENLY FALL UPON THE EXQUISITE JULIET, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE CAPULETS...

HOW COULD MY HEART HAVE LOVED TILL NOW? FOR I NE'ER SAW TRUE BEAUTY TILL TONIGHT!

WHAT LADY'S THAT, WHICH DOTTH ENRICH THE HAND OF YONDER KNIGHT?



I KNOW NOT, SIR.

MY FLESH TREMBLES WHEN ANGER IS FORCED TO WAIT ON PATIENCE. I WILL WITHDRAW BUT FROM THIS SEEMING SWEET INTRUSION SHALL SPRING THE BITTEREST GALL. LET ROMEO BEWARE THE FUTURE!



IF I PROFANE WITH MY UNWORTHYEST HAND THIS HOLY SHRINE THE PENALTY IS THIS: MY LIPS TWO BLUSHING PILGRIMS, READY STAND TO SMOOTH THE ROUGH TOUCH OF MY HAND WITH A TENDER KISS!

GOOD PILGRIM, YOU DO WRONG YOUR HAND TOO MUCH. FOR SAINTS HAVE HANDS THAT PILGRIMS' HANDS DO TOUCH, AND PALM TO PALM IS A HOLY PALMER'S KISS!

HAVE NOT SAINTS LIPS, AND HOLY PALMERS, TOO?

AY, PILGRIM, LIPS THAT THEY MUST USE IN PRAYER.



O THEN, DEAR SAINT LET LIPS DO WHAT HANDS DO, AND MOVE NOT WHILE MY PRAYER'S EFFECT I TAKE.



HARMED BY ROMEO'S HANDSOME FACE AND SPARKLING WIT, JULIET READILY CONSENTS TO THE CUSTOM OF THE MASQUE BALL WHEREBY A STRANGER MAY DEMAND A KISS...



THE NEW LOVERS ARE INTERRUPTED BY JULIET'S NURSE...

JULIET YOUR MOTHER CRAVES A WORD WITH YOU!

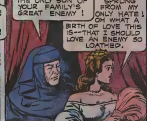
HER MOTHER? IS SHE THEN A CAPULET?

COME, ROMEO! LETS AWAY! THE SPORT IS AT ITS BEST!

TO LEARN THE HANDSOME YOUNG STRANGER'S NAME JULIET INQUIRES OF HER NURSE AS THEY WITHDRAW...

HIS NAME IS ROMEO, AND A MONTAGUE. THE ONLY SON OF YOUR FAMILY'S GREAT ENEMY!

WHAT? MY FIRST LOVE SPRUNG FROM MY ONLY HATE! OH WHAT A BIRTH OF LOVE THIS IS--THAT I SHOULD LOVE AN ENEMY SO LOATHED.





# Romeo and Juliet

## Part II

**I**N SPITE OF THEIR FAMILIES' FEUD, IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT FOR ROMEO AND JULIET. WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER, ROMEO SLIPPED AWAY FROM HIS TWO FRIENDS TO SEEK ANOTHER MEETING WITH THE MAIDEN WHO HAD SO QUICKLY CAPTURED HIS HEART.

**B**UT HIS PATHWAY OF LOVE IS BOUND TO BE STRENNY WITH DANGERS AND PITFALLS. OLD CAPULET'S REVERE HAS FANNED THE FLAMES OF YOUNG TYBALT'S HATRED OF ROMEO AND HE IS BOUND TO SEEK REVENGE. MOREOVER, LORD CAPULET HAS ALREADY ARRANGED THAT JULIET SHALL MARRY COUNT PARIS.

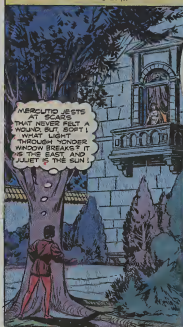
**A**GAINST SUCH POWERFUL OPPOSITION, WHAT CHANCE IS THERE FOR ROMEO AND JULIET TO LOVE?

ROMEO RAN THIS WAY AND LEAPED THIS ORCHARD WALL. CALL AFTER HIM, MERCUTIO!

NAY! HE HEARS NOT, HE STIRS NOT. HE HIDES HIMSELF AMONG THESE TREES. 'TIS VAIN TO SEEK HIM HERE THAT MEANS NOT TO BE FOUND.



**H**IDDEN IN THE GARDEN BENEATH JULIET'S WINDOW, ROMEO HOPES FOR ONE MORE SIGHT OF HIS BELOVED...



MERCUTIO JESTS AT SCARS THAT NEVER FELT A WOUND, BUT, SOFT! WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS? IT IS THE EAST, AND JULIET IS THE SUN!



IT IS MY LADY! IT IS MY LOVE! O, THAT I WERE A GLOVE UPON HER HAND, THAT I MIGHT TOUCH THAT CHEEK!

**N**OT REALIZING THAT ROMEO CAN HEAR HER SPOKEN THOUGHTS, JULIET RESOLVES THAT THE HATE OF THE CAPULETS FOR THE MONTAGUES SHALL NOT STAND BETWEEN HER AND HER LOVER.



O ROMEO! ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO? DENY THY FATHER AND REFUSE THY NAME! OR IF THOU WILT NOT, BE BUT SWORN MY LOVE, AND I'LL NO LONGER BE A CAPULET!



WHAT'S IN A NAME? THAT WHICH WE CALL A ROSE, BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET, SO WOULD ROMEO, WERE HE NOT ROMEO CALLED, OH, ROMEO, DUFF THY NAME, AND FOR THY NAME, WHICH IS NO PART OF THEE, TAKE ALL MYSELF.

SHALL I HEAR MORE OR SHALL I SPEAK OUT?

ROMEO REVEALS HIS PRESENCE...

CALL ME BUT LOVE,  
AND I'LL BE NEW  
BAPTIZED; HENCE-  
FORTH, I NEVER  
WILL BE ROMEO.

HOW COME YOU HITHER  
TO PRY INTO MY THOUGHTS?  
THE ORCHARD WALLS  
ARE HIGH, AND YOU'LL  
BE SLAIN IF MY KINSMEN  
FIND THEE HERE.

ALACK! THERE LIES MORE  
PERIL IN YOUR EYE THAN  
TWENTY OF MY SWORDS.  
BETTER MY LIFE WERE  
ENDED BY THEIR HATE,  
THAN TO DIE IN WANT OF  
LOVE OF THEE.

O GENTLE  
ROMEO, IF YOU  
DOST TRULY  
LOVE ME, PRO-  
NOUNCE IT  
FAITHFULLY!

BY YONDER BLESSED  
MOON I SWEAR  
MY LOVE FOR YOU.

O, SWEAR NOT  
BY THE INCON-  
STANT MOON THAT  
MONTHLY CHANGES  
IN HER ORB—LEST  
THY LOVE PROVE  
LIKEWISE  
VARIABLE!

WHAT THEN  
SHALL I  
SWEAR BY?

SWEAR ONLY BY  
THY GRACIOUS  
SELF AND I'LL  
BELIEVE THEE.

ALTHOUGH I JOY IN THEE, I HAVE  
NO JOY IN THIS NIGHT'S MEETING.  
IT IS TOO RASH, TOO UNADVISED,  
TOO SUDDEN, TOO LIKE THE LIGHT-  
NING, WHICH DOTH CEASE TO BE  
ERE ONE CAN SAY "IT LIGHTENS!"  
AND SO, SWEET LOVE, GOOD  
NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT.

OH, MUST YOU LEAVE  
ME SO UNSATISFIED?  
WILT NOT EXCHANGE  
THY LOVE'S FAITHFUL  
VOW FOR MINE?

**J**ULIET HEARS HER NURSE CALLING AND REALIZES THAT ROMEO MUST LEAVE BEFORE HIS PRESENCE IS DISCOVERED...

IF THE COURSE OF THY LOVE BE HONORABLE  
AND THY PURPOSE MARRIAGE, SEND WORD TO  
ME TOMORROW BY ONE I'LL PROCEED TO SEEK  
YOU OUT, TELL ME WHERE AND AT WHAT TIME  
WE'LL BE WEDD AND ALL MY FORTUNES AT THY  
FOOT I'LL LAY, GOODNIGHT, GOODNIGHT! PART-  
ING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW THAT I SHALL  
SAY GOODNIGHT TILL IT BE MORROW!

SEND LOVE'S MESSENGER AT THE  
HOUR OF NINE TOMORROW, SLEEP  
DWELL UPON THINE EYES, PEACE  
IN THY BREAST, I'LL HASTEN NOW  
TO THE GOOD FRIAR'S CELL TO SEEK  
HIS HELP AND MY HAPPINESS TO TELL.



**H**ASTENING OUTSIDE THE SLEEPING CITY, ROMEO REACHES THE CELL OF THE GOOD FRIAR LAURENCE WHOSE WISE COUNSEL HAD GUIDED MANY YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS OF VERONA.



OUR ROMEO HATH NOT BEEN IN BED TONIGHT! GOD PARDON SIN! WERE YOU WITH ROSALINE?

WITH ROSALINE, MY GHOSTLY FATHER? NO! I HAVE FORGOT THAT NAME, AND ALL THE WOES IT BROUGHT ME!



**T**HE GOOD FRIAR LISTENS PATIENTLY BUT NOT WITH OUT SURPRISE AS ROMEO RELATES HIS SUDDEN PASSION FOR JULIET.

—AND THEREFORE KNOW THAT MY HEART'S DEAR LOVE IS SET ON THE FAIR DAUGHTER OF OLD CAPULET, AS MINE ON HERS, SO HERS IS SET ON MINE. BUT THIS, I PRAY, THAT YOU CONSENT TO MARRY US TODAY.



**T**HE FIRST FAINT STREAKS OF DAWN HERALD THE NEW DAY AS ROMEO KNOCKS TO AWAKEN THE FRIAR IN HIS CELL, BUT FATHER LAURENCE IS ALREADY UP AND ABOUT TO SET FORTH TO GATHER HERBS...



GOOD-MORROW FATHER.

MY BLESSING ON YOU! BUT YOUNG SON, YOU SHOW A DISORDERED HEAD --BY SO EARLY BIDDING GOOD-MORROW TO YOUR BED!

CONSCIENCE PROMPTS ME TO HELP YOU IN THIS UNDERTAKING, WHO KNOWS? MAYBAPS THIS SUDDEN MARRIAGE MAY END THE ANCIENT QUARREL OF CAPULETS AND MONTAGUES.

THEN ALL'S AGREED. JULIET AND I SHALL SEE YOU IN THE CHAPEL. I MUST NOW MAKE HASTE.



# Famous AUTHORS Illustrated

AS ROMEO RACES BACK TO VERONA TO MEET THE MESSENGER JULIET HAD PROMISED TO SEND, HIS FRIEND MERCUTIO IS TRYING TO FIND HIM.

WHERE THE DEVIL SHOULD ROMEO BE? CAME HE NOT HOME LAST NIGHT?

NO, I ASKED FOR HIM THERE AND LEARNED ONLY THAT TYBALT HAS SENT A LETTER DEMANDING THAT HE FIGHT.



ALAS, POOR ROMEO! HE IS ALREADY DEAD, STABBED BY CUPID'S DARTS. HE'S NO MAN TO FIGHT TYBALT NOW.

HERE COMES ROMEO! HERE COMES ROMEO!



BUT WHILE HIS FRIENDS JOKE WITH ROMEO ABOUT HIS NEW LOVE AFFAIR, THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY JULIET'S NURSE BEFORE THEY CAN TELL HIM OF TYBALT'S CHALLENGE.

IF YOU BE YOUNG ROMEO SIR, I DESIRE SOME CONFIDENCE WITH YOU.

I AM THE YOUNGEST OF THAT NAME, WHAT WOULD YOU?

ROMEO, WE'LL MEET YOU AT YOUR FATHER'S, WE'LL ALL HAVE DINNER THERE.



MY YOUNG LADY ASKED ME TO FIND YOU, THE SOFT WORDS THAT SHE BID ME TELL YOU I'LL KEEP TO MYSELF BUT LET ME WARN YOU, DON'T LEAD HER INTO A FOOL'S PARADISE OR DEAL DOUBT WITH HER FOR THE GENTLE LADY IS VERY YOUNG.

NO, NO, I PROTEST, NURSE, I COMMAND ME TO YOUR LADY AND--



BUT JULIET TELL HER PARENTS THAT THIS AFTERNOON AT THREE SHE NEEDS SEVEN GOOD PRIDE LAURENCE TO BE PARDON FOR HER SINS. HE AWITS US AT THE CHAPEL AND THERE SHALL WE BE WED.

I DO BELIEVE THEE NOW, IT SHALL BE THEN THIS AFTERNOON AT THREE, SHE SHALL BE THERE.



ALL GOES AS PLANNED AND AT THREE O'CLOCK THAT AFTERNOON JULIET SLIPS INTO THE CHAPEL WHERE ROMEO AND PRIAR LAURENCE ARE WAITING.

COME, COME WITH ME, AND WE WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE WEDDING CEREMONY.



AND THUS A CAPULET AND A MONTAGUE BECOME AS ONE IN THE HOLY BOND OF MATRIMONY...



THE SHADOW OF DANGER HAS YET TO FALL ON TWO HEARTS BEATING AS ONE...



GOD BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN--AND NOW A WORD OF CAUTION. SO SEPARATE WAYS UNTIL TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCE LEND FAVOR TO ANNOUNCEMENT.



BE TRUE, MY LOVE--ADIEU! ALL PRAYER AND HOPE SPEED THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL BE TOGETHER.

ABIDE IN FAITH! GO DIRECTLY TO YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE WHILE I MAKE HASTE TO JOIN MY LOYAL FRIENDS.



AS ROMEO RETURNS TO THE CITY, TYBALT IS PROWLING THE STREETS ANXIOUS TO RENEW THE QUARREL BEGUN AT THE BALL. TYBALT ENCOUNTERS THE FIERY MERCUTIO...

MERCUTIO, YOU CONSORT WITH ROMEO...

CONSORT! THAT MEANS 'MAKE MUSIC'. WHAT DO YOU TAKE US FOR, MINSTRELS? IF SO, YOU'LL HEAR NOTHING BUT DISCORDS! I HAVE A FIDDLESTICK THAT SHALL MAKE YOU DANCE!



ROMEO, WHO NOW APPROACHES, IS DETERMINED THAT HE WILL NOT BECOME INVOLVED IN ANY CLASH OF ARMS WITH JULIET'S OWN COUSIN. CONSEQUENTLY HE TRIES TO TURN TYBALT'S WRATH BY A SOFT ANSWER.

HERE COMES MY MAN! ROMEO, THE HATE I BEAR THESE CAN AFFORD NO BETTER TERM THAN THIS--YOU ARE A VILLAIN!

I DO PROTEST I NEVER INJURED YOU, AND SO, GOOD CAPULET--WHOSE NAME I NOW HOLD AS DEARLY AS MY OWN--BE SATISFIED.



MERCUTIO MISTAKES ROMEO'S PEACEFUL WORDS FOR COWARDICE AND DISHONOR, AND HE DECIDES TO TAKE THE QUARREL WITH TYBALT UPON HIMSELF.

KING OF CATS! I'LL HAVE ONE OF YOUR NINE LIVES! DRAW YOUR RAPIER, LEST BEFORE IT IS OUT, MINE BE AT YOUR EARS!

GOOD MERCUTIO, PUT THY RAPIER UP! DRAW BENVOLIO, BEAT DOWN THEIR WEAPONS, GENTLEMEN! FORBEAR THIS OUTRAGE!



TYBALT! MERCUTIO! STOP! THE PRINCE EXPRESSLY HAS FORBID THIS FIGHTING IN THE STREETS!



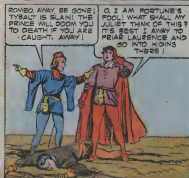
IMBLES AS A CAT, TYBALT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ROMEO'S INTERFERENCE TO DEAL MERCUTIO A LIGHTNING THRUST!

HOLD, TYBALT! GOOD MERCUTIO!



I AM HURT! A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES!





**W**ORD OF THE FIGHTING SPREADS QUICKLY AND ROMEO BARELY ESCAPES BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF VERONA. DRAWN TO THE SCENE ALSO ARE THE HEADS OF THE RIVAL FAMILIES, THEIR WIVES AND KINSMEN.

BENVOLIO,  
WHO BESAN  
THIS BLOODY  
PRAY ?

AN ENVIOUS THRUST BY TYBALT  
TOOK THE LIFE OF STOUT  
MERCUTIO. THEN TYBALT LEFT  
RETURNED AGAIN AND SET  
TO FIGHT AT ONCE WITH ROMEO.  
ERE I COULD DRAW TO PART  
THEM, WAS TYBALT SLAIN AND  
ROMEO TURNED TO FLEE.

BELIEVE HIM NOT,  
PRINCE! HE'S ONE  
OF MONTAGUE'S KIN.  
I BES FOR JUSTICE!  
ROMEO SLEW MY  
NEPHEW, TYBALT, AND  
ROMEO MUST DIE !

NAY! ROMEO DID BUT SETTLE A  
FAIR SCORE, AND SO I'LL SPARE  
HIS LIFE. BUT FOR TAKING THE  
LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS I DO  
DECEE HIM—FOREVER BAN-  
ISHED FROM VERONA !



# Romeo and Juliet Part III

**J**ULIET HAD MANAGED TO GET WORD TO ROMEO THAT SHE HOLDS HIM BLAMELESS FOR THE DEATH OF TYBALT AND ROMEO STEALS THROUGH THE NIGHT TO BE WITH HIS BRIDE FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME BEFORE HE TAKES UP HIS EXILE IN THE NEIGHBORING CITY OF MANTUA. THE PRINCE HAS WARNED THAT ROMEO WILL BE EXECUTED IF HE IS STILL IN VERONA BY DAYLIGHT.

WHY MUST THOU BE GONE?  
IT IS NOT YET NEAR DAY.  
IT IS THE NIGHTINGALE AND  
NOT THE LARK THAT SINGS.  
BELIEVE ME, ROMEO, IT  
IS THE NIGHTINGALE.

IT IS THE LARK, THE  
HERALD OF THE MORN.  
I MUST BE GONE AND  
LIVE, OR STAY AND DIE.

**A**MID THE SWEETNESS OF  
THEIR PARTING KISS  
THERE IS NOTHING TO  
FORETELL THE BITTER PATH  
OF TRAGEDY AND HEARTBREAK  
THAT LIES AHEAD!

FAREWELL,  
FAREWELL,  
ONE KISS  
AND I'LL  
DESCEND.

I MUST HEAR FROM  
THEE EVERY HOUR  
OF EVERY DAY FOR  
EVERY MINUTE WILL  
SEEM SO MANY  
DAYS, Ere I AGAIN  
BEHOLD MY ROMEO.

O GOD, I HAVE AN ILL-DIVINING  
SOUL! YOU APPEAR BELOW  
ME NOW AS ONE DEAD IN  
THE BOTTOM OF A TOMB.

ALAS! DRY SORROW  
DRINKS OUR  
BLOOD, ADIEU,  
ADIEU, MY LOVE!

JULIET! YOUR MOTHER IS  
COMING TO YOUR CHAMBER.  
THE DAY IS BROKE, BE  
WARY, LOOK ABOUT!

EVEN AS JULIET IS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HER EXILED HUSBAND, LORD CAPULET, HER FATHER, WAS PROMISING HER HAND IN MARRIAGE TO YOUNG COUNT PARIS...

ON THURSDAY, THEN, OUR DAUGHTER SHALL BE MARRIED TO THIS YOUNG NOBLEMAN. WHAT SAY YOU TO IT, PARIS? WILL YOU BE READY?

MY LORD, I WOULD THAT THURSDAY WERE TOMORROW -- FOR TONIGHT IS BUT MONDAY!



LADY CAPULET ENTERS JULIET'S BEDROOM ONLY A MOMENT AFTER ROMEO HAS LEFT BY THE BALCONY...

MOTHER, I AM NOT WELL.

STILL WEEPING OVER TYBALT'S DEATH? WHAT, WILL YOU WASH HIM FROM HIS GRAVE WITH TEARS?



JULIET REALIZES THAT SHE MUST PRETEND TO HATE ROMEO...

FEAR NOT! WE'LL HAVE VENGEANCE FOR TYBALT'S DEATH. I'LL SEND SOMEONE TO MANTUA WHERE ROMEO IS BANISHED TO GIVE HIM POISON THAT HE SHALL SOON KEEP TYBALT COMPANY.

AYE MOTHER, I SHALL NEVER BE SATISFIED WITH ROMEO TILL I BEHOLD HIM DEAD!

O I HATE MY WORDS! HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I PLAY THIS HORRID PART?



SPEAK TO JULIET, GOOD WIFE BEFORE YOU GO TO BED...PREPARE HER FOR HER WEDDING DAY.

AYE, MY LORD!

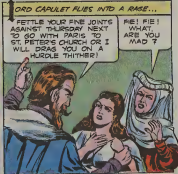
GOODNIGHT, LORD CAPULET.



COME GIRL! YOUR FATHER HAS CHOSEN THURSDAY AS THE DAY WHEN YOU AND PARIS SHALL BE WED.

I WONDER AT THIS HASTE. MUST I BE WED BEFORE HE THAT WOULD BE MY HUSBAND COMES TO WOO ME? I PRAY YOU TELL MY FATHER THAT I WILL NOT MARRY YET.





WHEN JULIET ARRIVES AT THE CELL OF FRIAR LAURENCE, SHE FINDS TO HER AMAZEMENT THAT COUNT PARIS IS THERE BEFORE HER, ARRANGING FOR THEIR MARRIAGE...

HAPPILY MET!  
MY LADY AND  
MY WIFE—  
TO-BE!

WHAT  
MUST  
BE  
SHALL  
BE.

LEAVE NOW,  
MY LORD. I  
MUST HEAR  
JULIET ALONE.

HOLD THOU, GO HOME, BE MERRY  
AND CONSENT TO MARRY PARIS.  
BUT TOMORROW NIGHT LOOK TO IT  
THAT THOU SLEEP ALONE, LET NOT  
THY NURSE SLEEP WITH THEE IN  
THY CHAMBER. TAKE THOU THIS  
VIAL BEING THEN IN BED, AND  
DRINK QUICKLY THIS  
LIQUOR IT CONTAINS...

COME WEEP WITH ME--PAST HOPE,  
PAST CARE, PAST HELP! BID ME LEAP  
TO MY DEATH RATHER THAN MARRY  
PARIS WHEN I AM ALREADY WIFE  
TO MY OWN SWEET ROMEO!

I ALREADY KNOW THY GRIEF  
AND HAVE PLANNED HOW YOU  
SHALL ESCAPE! BUT IT WILL  
TAKE MUCH COURAGE TO USE  
THE REMEDY I OFFER.

THEN PRESENTLY THROUGH ALL THY  
VEINS SHALL RUN A COLD AND DROWSY  
HUMOR, THE ROSES IN THY LIPS AND  
CHEEKS SHALL FADE, NO WARMTH, NO  
PULSE SHALL TESTIFY THOU LIVEST,  
AND IN THIS BORROWED LIKENESS OF  
TRUE DEATH YOU SHALL CONTINUE TWO  
AND FORTY HOURS, AND THEN AWAKE,  
AS FROM A PLEASANT SLEEP.

GIVE ME, GIVE  
ME! O TELL ME  
NOT OF FEAR!

# Famous AUTHORS Illustrated

WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE MORNING COMES, THEN ART THOU FOUND DEAD, AND, PRESENTLY, THOU SHALT THEN BE BORNE A CORPSE TO THAT SAME ANCIENT VAULT WHERE LIE ALL THY KINDRED OF THE CAPULETS, AND IN THE MEANTIME, BEFORE YOU SHALL AWAKE, I'LL HASTEN WORD TO ROMEO AND TELL HIM OF OUR PLAN, AND HITHER TO THE TOMB BOTH HE AND I SHALL COME AND ROMEO SHALL BEAR THEE SAFELY BACK TO MANTUA.

FAREWELL, DEAR FATHER. I BEAR YOUR BLESSINGS WITH ME.



WELL, I AM GLAD OF THIS. THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE. SEND FOR COUNT PARIS, THEN, SO TELL HIM THAT THIS KNOT SHALL BE TIED TOMORROW MORNING. WHY SHOULD HE WAIT TILL THURSDAY?

RETURNING HOME, JULIET PREPARES FOR HER ESCAPE BY TELLING HER FATHER THAT SHE IS NOW RECONCILED TO HER MARRIAGE WITH COUNT PARIS...

JULIET HURRIES TO HER BEDROOM AND ARRANGES TO BE LEFT ALONE THAT NIGHT...

HOW NOW, MY HEADSTRONGS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN GAUDING?

WHERE I HAVE LEARNED TO REPENT MY SIN, AND YOUR PARDON I DO BES. HENCE-FORWARD I AM EVER RULED BY YOU.

YES, THESE DRESSES ARE THE BEST, BUT GENTLE NURSE, KIND MOTHER, I PRAY THEE LEAVE ME TO MYSELF TONIGHT, FOR I HAVE NEED OF MANY PRAYERS THAT HEAVEN WILL SMILE UPON MY STATE.

GOOD-NIGHT, GET THEE TO BED AND REST FOR THOU HAST NEED.



ALONE AT LAST JULIET PREPARES TO TAKE THE FATAL STEP...



WHAT IF THIS MIXTURE DOES NOT WORK AT ALL? SHALL I BE MARRIED THEN TOMORROW MORNING? NO NO! THIS DAGGER SHALL FORBID IT, LAY THOU THERE FOR I MAY YET HAVE NEED OF THEE.

JULIET STILLER HER FEARS THAT SHE MAY AWAKE TOO SOON AND SUFFOCATE IN THE TOMB OR THAT ROMEO MAY FAIL TO RESCUE HER IN TIME...



ROMEO, I COME! THIS DO I DRINK TO THEE!

THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT AT ONCE, AND JULIET FALLS UPON HER BED WITH A FAINT GROAN. WITHIN A MINUTE THE BLOOD DRAINS FROM HER CHEEKS AND LIPS, AND BREATH NO LONGER MOVES HER BOSOM...



DEATH LIES ON HER LIKE AN UNTIMELY FROST UPON THE SWEETEST FLOWER OF ALL THE FIELD.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD IS ROUSED BY THE NURSE'S FRANTIC CRIES...

MISTRESS! JULIET! ALAS, ALAS! HELP! MY LADY'S DEAD!

O ME! MY CHILD, MY ONLY LIFE! REVIVE OR I WILL DIE WITH THEE!



O, CURSE THE FATE THAT HAS ROBBED ME OF MY BRIDE!

ALAS! NOT MARRIAGE BUT A SERVICE FOR THE DEAD MUST NOW BE PERFORMED.





# Romeo and Juliet - Part IV

**B**Y A STROKE OF BAD LUCK, THE SECRET MESSENGER SENT TO ROMEO BY FRIAR LAURENCE HAS BEEN DELAYED. BALTHAZAR, ROMEO'S SERVANT, ARRIVED IN VERONA BEFORE HIM AND TELLS ROMEO WHAT ALL VERONA NOW BELIEVES - THAT JULIET IS REALLY DEAD. OVERCOME BY SHOCK AND GRIEF ROMEO DETERMINES UPON A DESPERATE COURSE...

YOU BRING NO LETTER FROM THE FRIAR? ALAS, ALAS, MY FATE I DO THEN DEFEY. HIRE US POST-HORSES QUICKLY, I WILL HENCE TONIGHT.

I DO BESEECH THEE, SIR, HAVE PATIENCE! YOUR LOOKS ARE PALE AND WILD AND DO FORETELL SOME MISADVENTURE.

TUSH! THOU ART DE-CENED. GET THEE GONE. I MUST VISIT YONDER APOTHECARY'S SHOP BEFORE WE LEAVE.



**H**UNGRY AND POOR, THE APOTHECARY CONSENTS TO SELL ROMEO A DEADLY POISON FORBIDDEN BY LAW...

DRINK THIS AND EVEN IF HAD YOU THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN IT WILL DISPATCH YOU STRAIGHT.

HERE IS THY GOLD, WORSE POISON TO MEN'S SOULS THAN THESE FORBIDDEN COMPOUNDS THAT YOU SELL.

WELL, JULIET, I WILL LIE WITH THEE TONIGHT. COME CORDIAL AND NOT POISON, GO WITH ME TO JULIET'S GRAVE; FOR THERE MUST I USE THEE.



**A**ND SO AT MIDNIGHT ROMEO HASTENS BACK TO VERONA FOR A FINAL RENDEZVOUS WITH HIS BELOVED JULIET...



**B**UT AS ROMEO'S FLEET STEED CARRIES HIM EVER CLOSER TO THE TOMB WHERE JULIET LIES, FRIAR LAURENCE LEARNS HIS MESSAGE HAS GONE ASTRAY...

FRIAR JOHN! WELCOME FROM MANTUA! WHAT SAID ROMEO TO MY LETTER? WAS HE PLEASED? OR IF HE WROTE, GIVE ME HIS LETTER.

I NEVER REACHED MANTUA WITH YOUR MESSAGE. A BROTHER FRIAR AND I WERE THOUGHT TO HAVE VISITED THE SICK IN A HOUSE INFECTED BY PESTILENCE. THE SEARCHERS SEALED THE DOORS AND WOULD NOT LET US FORTH.



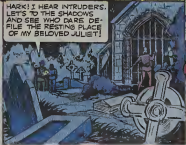
**T**HINKING THAT ROMEO HAS HAD NO NEWS OF JULIET'S SUPPOSED DEATH, FRIAR LAURENCE REALIZES THAT HE MUST RESCUE HER BEFORE SHE AWAKENS ALONE IN THE TOMB...

FAIR JULIET WILL SOON AWAKE AND BE-  
SHREW ME BECAUSE ROMEO HAS NO NOTICE  
OF OUR PLOT, BUT I WILL WRITE AGAIN TO  
MANTUA AND KEEP HER AT MY CELL TIL HE COMES.



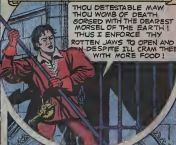
**E**VEN AS FRIAR LAURENCE HURRIES TO THE TOMB COUNT PARIS AND A SERVING MAN HAVE ALREADY COME TO PAY TEARFUL RESPECT TO THE BRIDE THAT WAS TO BE...

HARK! I HEAR INTRUDERS.  
LET'S TO THE SHADOWS  
AND SEE WHO DARES DE-  
FILE THE RESTING PLACE  
OF MY BELOVED JULIET!



**T**HANKS TO HIS MAD HASTE, ROMEO IS THE FIRST TO HAVE ARRIVED AT THE CAPULET TOMB. HE HAS STARTED TO BATTER DOWN THE DOOR OF THE TOMB...

THOU DETESTABLE MAW  
THOU WOMB OF DEATH  
GORSED WITH THE DEAREST  
MORSEL OF THE EARTH!  
THUS I ENFORCE THY  
ROTTEN JAWS TO OPEN AND  
IN DESPITE I'LL CRAM THEM  
WITH MORE FOOD!



STOP YOUR UNHOLY WORK, VILE  
MONTAGUE! CONDEMNED VIL-  
LAN, I DO APPREHEND THEE  
"OBEY AND GO WITH ME,  
FOR YOU MUST DIE!

I MUST INDEED AND THERE-  
FORE CAME I HITHER! GOOD  
GENTLE YOUTH TEMPT NOT  
A DESPERATE MAN, FLY HENCE  
LEAVE ME! PUT NOT ANOTHER  
SIN ON MY HEAD BY  
URGING ME TO FURY!



MAZED BY ROMEO'S WORDS PARIS RUSHES TO THE ATTACK, BUT THE SWISH AND CLATTER OF SHINING BLADES IS SHORT LIVED!



O, I AM SLAIN!

BE MERCIFUL, ROMEO. I AM DYING, OPEN THE TOMB AND LAY ME WITH JULIET.



IN FAITH, I WILL, POOR SLAUGHTERED YOUTH, I'LL BURY THEE IN A TRIUMPHANT GRAVE. FOR HERE LIES JULIET, AND HER BEAUTY MAKES THIS VAULT A PEASANT'S PRESENCE FULL OF LIGHT!

AS ROMEO CARRIES OUT PARIS' LAST WISH, HE IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIS BELOVED JULIET SO BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH—FOR THE DRUG'S EFFECTS ARE WEARING OFF AND THE COLOR HAS RETURNED TO JULIET'S CHEEKS...



AH, DEAR JULIET! WHY ART THOU YET SO FAIR? SHALL I BELIEVE THAT DEATH IS BUT A LOVER AND KEEPS YOU HERE IN DARKNESS TO BE HIS MISTRESS? FOR FEAR OF THAT, I WILL STAY WITH THEE AND NEVER FROM THIS PALACE OF DIM NIGHT DEPART AGAIN.

EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST, ARM, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE! AND LIPS, SEAL WITH A RIGHT-EQUOUS KISS, A DATELESS BARGAIN TO ENGRAVING DEATH!



HERE'S TO MY LOVE! O TRUE APOTHECARY, YOUR DRUGS ARE QUICK, THUS WITH A KISS-- I DIE!



**N**O SOONER HAS THE POISON CLAIMED ROMEO'S LIFE THAN FRIAR LAURENCE COMES UPON THE SCENE. HE IS HORROR STRICKEN!



ROMEO! WHO ELSE? WHAT, PARIS, TOO? ALACK, ALACK, WHAT BLOOD IS THIS WHICH STAINS THE STONY ENTRANCE OF THIS SEPULCHRE BUT THE LADY MOVES...

O, GOOD FRIAR! WHERE IS MY LORD? I REMEMBER WELL WHERE I SHOULD BE AND THERE I AM, WHERE IS MY ROMEO?

A GREATER POWER THAN WE CAN CONTRADICT HAS THWARTED OUR INTENTIONS. YOUR HUSBAND THERE AT THY FEET LIES DEAD, AND PARIS, TOO, COME, COME AWAY!



SO, GET THEE HENCE FOR I WILL NOT AWAY. WHAT'S HERE IN MY TRUE LOVER'S HAND? POISON, I SEE, HAS BEEN HIS TIMELESS END. DRINK ALL, AND LEFT NO FRIENDLY DROP TO HELP ME AFTER?



I WILL KISS YOUR LIPS, ROMEO. HAPPILY SOME POISON DOETH LINGER ON THEM TO MAKE ME DIE!

**I**LL-FATED JULIET CAN NOT HOPE TO SUCCEED FROM THE TRACES OF POISON REMAINING ON ROMEO'S LIPS. AND THEN FROM WITHOUT SHE HEARS THE WATCH APPROACHING.



DESPERATION SEIZES JULIET AS SHE HEARS THE WATCH COMING TO THE TOMBS. QUICKLY SHE TAKES THE DASSER FROM ROMEO'S BELT...

YEA, NOISE... THEN  
I'LL BE BRIEF! O  
HAPPY DASSER! MY  
BREAST SHALL BE  
YOUR SHEATH!

THERE  
REST  
AND LET  
ME DIE!

NO THUS BEAUTIFUL  
JULIET FINDS PEACE  
IN DEATH WITH HER  
BELOVED ROMEO...

THIS IS THE PLACE. LOOK, A LIGHT  
BURNS INSIDE! THE GROUND IS  
BLOODY. SEARCH ABOUT AND  
ARREST WHOEVER YOU FIND!

PITIFUL SIGHT! HERE  
LIES THE COUNT SLAIN!  
AND JULIET BLEEDING...  
SHE WHO HAS LAIN THESE  
TWO DAYS BURIED! GO  
TELL THE PRINCE! RUN  
TO THE CAPULETS!  
RAISE UP THE  
MONTAGUES!



THE ORDER IS CARRIED OUT, AND SOON THE PRINCE AND BOTH FAMILIES RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY...

SEARCH, SEEK AND KNOW HOW THESE FOUL MURDERS CAME ABOUT.

O HEAVENS! O WIFE! LOOK HOW OUR DAUGHTER BLEEDS!

ALAS, MY LORD! AND MY WIFE, THE LADY MONTAGUE, IS ALSO DEAD TONIGHT O'ER GRIEF OF OUR SON'S EXILE, AND NOW MY SON PRECEDES HIS FATHER TO THE GRAVE!

FORBEAR, MONTAGUE, FOR NOW THE WATCH BRINGS FORTH THE PARTIES OF SUSPICION.

I AM NOT SUSPECTED AS THE TIME AND PLACE MAKE AGAINST ME OF THIS DREFUL MURDER, BUT HARK TO MY TALE.

THEN SAY AT ONCE WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS!

AND THEN PRIOR LAURENCE RELATES THE STARTLING TALE OF ROMEO'S SECRET MARRIAGE TO JULIET AND THE EVEN STRANGER SEQUEL...

...AND THUS WE FIND THE CONSEQUENCE OF AN ILL-STARRED LOVE, IF I AM AT FAULT LET MY OLD LIFE BE SACRIFICED.

WE STILL KNOW YOU FOR A HOLY MAN, WHERE'S ROMEO'S SERVANT? WHAT CAN HE SAY IN THIS?

I BROUGHT MY MASTER NEWS OF JULIET'S DEATH AND THEN IN HASTE HE RUSHED HERE FROM MANTUA, HE THREATENED ME WITH DEATH IF I FOLLOWED HIM INTO THIS TOMB, SO I DEPARTED.

THE GOOD PRIAR'S TALE IS GIVEN FURTHER SUPPORT BY PARIS' SERVANT...

MY LORD PARIS CAME WITH FLOWERS TO STREW HIS LADY'S GRAVE. HE BID ME STAND ALOOF AND SO I DID. AFTER MY MASTER WAS SLAIN, I RAN AWAY TO CALL THE WATCH.



CONVINCED THAT HE HAS HEARD A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY THE PRINCE OF VERONA IS DETERMINED THAT THERE SHALL BE NO MORE QUARRELS BETWEEN THE CAPULETS AND THE MONTAGUES...

CAPULET! MONTAGUE! SEE WHAT A SCOURGE IS LAID UPON YOUR HATE!



O BROTHER MONTAGUE, GIVE ME YOUR HAND, THIS IS MY DAUGHTER A BOND BETWEEN OUR FAMILIES, FOR NO MORE CAN I GIVE.



AND THUS THE STATUES OF THE LOVER'S WERE RAISED IN A PUBLIC SQUARE, AND IN THE WORDS OF THE PRINCE OF VERONA! - "FOR NEVER WAS A STORY OF MORE WOR THAN THIS OF JULIET AND HER ROMEO!"



I CAN GIVE YOU MORE, FOR I WILL RAISE HER STATUE IN PURE GOLD THAT WHILE VERONA STANDS THERE SHALL NO FIGURE OF SUCH BEAUTY BE SET AS THAT OF TRUE AND FAITHFUL JULIET!

AS RICH SHALL ROMEO BY HIS LADY STAND-- POOR SACRIFICE FOR OUR STUPID HATRED!



Finis



# ZADIG



by

# VOLTAIRE

*Voltaire, who wrote in the eighteenth century, portrays the hero of this story in a role strikingly like that played by the great detective, Sherlock Holmes, over 150 years later.*

THERE ONCE lived in ancient Babylonia a young man called Zadig. Talented, accomplished, handsome and healthy, he still wasn't happy. He had been disappointed more than once in friendship and finally, most sorely in love.

Consequently, he withdrew to a simple country home and looking for an occupation which offered the least possible entanglement with the ways of men, he decided upon the study of nature.

One day as he strolled in solitude near his home, a troop of officials and servants ran up to him and said, "Have you seen the King's horse?"

"Did it have a bit made of gold?" asked Zadig.



"A horse with such a bit and shod with silver galloped through here. It had a magnificent stride and gait and was of the purest blood. And its tail was at least 4½ feet long."

"Yes, yes," said the master of the horses eagerly. "In which direction did it run? Where is it now?"

"I have not seen it," answered Zadig. "This is the first time that I knew the King had such a horse."

Whereupon the men of both parties pounced on Zadig crying, "Thief! You shall learn what it means

to trifle with the property of our rulers!"

The officials hustled him to the city of Babylonia, not without presenting him with many undesired bruises. He was charged with having stolen the horse of the royal family and was promptly sentenced to prison for life.

Just as he was being led away, messengers arrived saying that the missing animal had been found. However, he was then fined four hundred ounces of gold for asserting that he had not seen something when he had already admitted he had seen it.

Zadig paid over the gold and then, bowing low, begged leave to give an explanation.

"I swear before this illustrious gathering that never did I behold the sublime horse of the King."

"I was strolling in a grove when I saw the hoof prints of the steed. I knew at once it was of purest blood for no other would have had hooves so small and dainty. The imprints told me also that it had a magnificent stride and that its gait was of the best. As I followed the trail, I noticed that the dust had been swept from the brush on each side, and I judged this must have been done by the animal's tail. It was simple to calculate that the tail must be a beautiful one fully 4½ feet long."

"I knew it had shoes of silver," said Zadig, "for I found the mark of silver on the stone that it struck in its flight. On a rocky wall I saw where the animal had passed close to the rock and scratched it with the golden bit."

Everybody so admired Zadig's gift of observation that the Queen ordered his fine of 400 ounces of gold to be remitted, less 398 ounces for court costs.

Zadig thanked the court for its generosity, but when he departed, he made the vow that he would never again tell anything he saw.

A few weeks later a fugitive from justice passed his house in flight. Zadig was standing at the window and saw him, but when the pursuers inquired of him, he declared that he was ignorant of anything and everything.

Unfortunately for Zadig, a witness appeared who testified that he had seen Zadig in the window, whereupon the unlucky young man was fined five hundred ounces of gold for not aiding the authorities.

"Alas," said Zadig, "I know now that it is impossible to evade my evil destiny."

Adapted from "Five Strange Clans", by Julius W. Muller  
Copyright 1948 by Doreen Publishing Co.



# the PURPLE LOCK of NISUS

**N**ISUS, KING OF MESARA, HAD NOTHING TO FEAR WHEN MINOS OF CRETE LAID SIEGE TO HIS CITY, FOR A LOCK OF PURPLE HAIR UPON HIS HEAD GAVE MYSTIC PROTECTION TO NISUS AND HIS KINGDOM. BUT HE HAD BEEN WARNED NEVER TO ALLOW THE LOCK TO BE CUT OFF!

**B**UT AS HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, SCYLLA, WATCHED THE SIEGE, SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE STALWART AND HANDSOME MINOS. TO WIN HIS HEART SHE RESOLVED TO CARRY OUT A MOST TREACHEROUS SCHEME.



**T**HAT NIGHT SCYLLA CROPT INTO HER FATHER'S CHAMBER. HOLDING HER BREATH LEST IT AWAKEN HIM, SHE CAREFULLY CUT THE STRANGE LOCK OF PURPLE HAIR FROM HIS HEAD.

**B**EFORE DAWN, SCYLLA SLIPPED OVER THE WALL AND RUSHED FORTH TO OFFER THE PURPLE LOCK TO MINOS. SHE HAD HOPED IT WOULD PROVE HER LOVE FOR HIM, BUT MINOS WAS HORRIFIED BY SUCH A TREASONABLE ACT. HE ORDERED HER DRIVEN FROM HIS SIGHT!



**A**FTER MISUS LOST HIS PURPLE LOCK, MINOS CONQUERED THE CITY, TAKING CAPTIVES AND LOOT, HE AND HIS MEN RETURNED TO THEIR SHIPS FOR THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY BUT WERE STARTLED WHEN SCYLLA PLUNGES INTO THE SEA BEHIND MINOS' SHIP!



**O**NCE AGAIN SCYLLA BEGGED MINOS TO RECOGNIZE HER LOVE FOR HIM, BUT MINOS WAS DIS-TRUSTFUL OF THE GIRL WHO HAD BETRAYED HER FATHER AND SPURNED HER PLEA TO BE TAKEN ABOARD.



**A** SHADOW DARKENED THE SKY, AND SUDDENLY A HUGE EAGLE WHOM SCYLLA KNEW TO BE HER FATHER WAS SWOOPING UPON HER TO AVENGE HER BETRAYAL OF HIM.

**B**UT SCYLLA NEITHER DROWNED NOR WAS KILLED BY HER FATHER. THE SAME GOD THAT HAD TRANSFORMED HIM INTO AN EAGLE TOOK PITY ON HER—FOR ALTHOUGH SHE HAD BEEN A TRAITOR, HER SIN HAD BEEN BORN THROUGH LOVE. THIS SCYLLA ALSO WAS CHANGED INTO AN EAGLE AND WAS FORGIVEN BY HER FATHER...

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